The Dead Zone

His brain boiled, his skull squeezed, veins in pushed out of his forehead, and then finally he snapped.

"For the *fourth* time! "Triple-A" batteries aisle two! "Double-A" aisle three!" He stuck his thick chin out to the customer and squinted his eyes. "You got that?"

"Ya, ya, yes." The customer stuttered as he squirmed off. Ash then began stocking the shelves of S-Mart.

"I tell ya, if it ain't one screwhead it's another." Ash said to himself as he filled the shelves with boxes of rubber gloves. He was pulling down on his blue shirt, then he opened up the top button. "Can we get some damn air conditioning in this place?" He yelled over the daily commotion of the store. "Damn primates," he muttered under his breath.

"Yo Ash!" Came a voice from across the aisle. "Boss wants to see you! Pronto." Ash seemed to ignore this, he continued stocking the rubber gloves. "Ash!" His fellow employee was beginning to get frustrated. "Hey! Ash!"

"I got it! I got it! I know your damn orders!" Ash threw down his pricing gun and walked to the office of his Boss. "You only gotta tell me once! I'm not a child!" He murmured.

Over the past couple days Ash seemed to become more and more agitated over meaningless things. He started to lose his mind. . . and only he knew why.

"You want me or sumptin'?" Ash asked.

"Sit down Ash," his plump boss squeezed into his own comfortable leather seat as Ash had to sit down in a rock hard chair made out of metal. "You seem to have had something on your mind for the past week. You've been snapping at customers, fellow employees, and even me. Hell, I see you arguing with yourself sometimes. Is there something wrong?" He twirled a thick cigar in his hand and lit it up.

"I'm alright." Ash said sarcastically and maniacally. "I lost my hand, I was sent back in time, I was nearly killed, I have nightmares of it every night! I should be doing great, right?" Ash was shaking as he stopped rambling. His boss took a couple puffs out of his cigar.

"Ash, I realize you've been having some problems as of late and that you are sorting out with a psychiatrist, maybe you should take a couple days off."

"Days off? Why? Why should I? I am working aren't I? Working better than most of the jerks here! You should just keep feeding yourself powdered doughnuts and stay out of my life!" Ash screamed, outraged.

"Ash, when you lost your hand a couple years ago in that

"accident", you seemed fine about it. Why is it that not until a week ago have you gone over board?"

"The voices." Ash bit his lip and was rubbing his hands together.

"Voices?" his boss was becoming impatient.

"Yeah," Ash's eyes started to water. "They've come back. But this time they're not just chants. They're using some new method. They are using *me*!"

"Ash, I really don't think we should--"

"Dammit! They were gone! I killed them all! But this time they don't want my soul."

"Ash. . . ."

"They want me to *kill* myself."

"Listen Ash, take the rest of the week off, talk to your psychiatrist about this stuff and on Monday come ready to work." Ash looked up, and agreed. He could only say one word, nothing more.

"Yeah."

Ash arrived home, he dropped his coat and keys on the floor, turned on the lights and sat on his couch, facing a blown out TV.

"Nervous breakdown my ASS! That shrink don't know jack!" He picked up an already opened beer and drank it down. It was warm and skunky, but he didn't care. "No one believes me." He bowed his head, expecting to find an answer. "Why?" He started to cry. "What the hell are you doing to me?" He screamed to the heavens and threw the bottle to the wall.

It's not me, it's what you are going to do to yourself.

"What? Who's that? Who's there?" Ash spun around, wiped the tears from his cheek. He realized that the voices have returned. "Leave me the hell alone!"

You must do it Ash. . . .

"What are you talking about?" Ash screamed.

Kill yourself.

Ash dropped to his knees and started to weep. He was losing his mind. "What are you doing to me?"

Kill yourself. . . .

The voice fainted to nothingness and it left Ash curled up in a little ball.

Three hours later he got up, cleaned the saliva from his chin and tears from his eyes. He was no longer the man he used to be. Within one week he was destroyed. After all the demons, possessions, fights, blood and other adventures to hell it was one voice that brought him down. One voice: his own.

"So, Ash, why do you think you hear this voice?" Ash's well

dressed psychiatrist asked.

"I told you! Before they wanted my soul, so they could live again. Now they just want me to kill myself." Ash sat there, in the large comfortable room, with a cup of black coffee in hand.

"And why do you think they are using your own voice?" He asked as he made little notes on a pad and adjusted his glasses.

"Well Fuck! When you get your own voice telling you to kill yourself you'll find out!" Ash was on the extreme. He wasn't a man to be messed with.

"I see." The doctor responded, wishing he didn't ask that last question. "So you say before there were many voices, but now it's just the one?"

"Listen schmuck! I ain't getting help sitting here and answering your damn questions!" Ash screamed out as he dropped his coffee.

"Please Mr. Williams, the last thing you want to do is raise your. . . voice." Ash began to calm down. Ash felt embarrassed and got control of himself.

"You're right, I'm sorry."

"So tell me about these nightmares." Ash sat back in one of the big comfortable chairs and began to talk about his dreams.

"Well I am in a ghost town, like in those old Clint Eastwood movies. The world looks like it's gone through some sort of disaster. The sky is one big cloud, no sun was getting through. I'm dressed oddly: I'm in a trenchcoat, and a cowboy hat. I look older, with some wrinkles around my eyes, a rough beard. And instead of just my hand my entire arm is metal. Like the freckin Terminator." Ash wished he hadn't broken his coffee cup, he needed something to calm him down. "I am attacked by demons and I pick them off one by one with a Winchester rifle. I carry a bag, but I never figure out what's in it. Whenever I try to open it up I awake."

"Interesting." The doctor made more notes on his pad. He was convinced that Ash was insane, he was just indulging him.

"Interesting? *Interesting*? I cry. . . everyday. I haven't cried since I was eight when I scrapped my knee on the neighborhood swing set. Now I weep like a child, and I don't think I can take it anymore." Ash was now talking in a begging manner. "Please doctor. Stop the pain. Stop the voices."

"Mr. Williams, I think I can help you." The psychiatrist said nonchalantly as he adjusted his glasses. Ash's eyes lit up, he was all ears.

"You can?" He stuttered in amazement.

"I have come to the conclusion that you are still guilty about the death of your friends. When the police found the bodies they suspected one was boiled acid, and others were decapitated. You still haven't forgiven yourself for it. You feel as if you should've died with them. We call it "survivors guilt". And the voices are just you telling

yourself that you should've died with them. It's very common."

Kill yourself. It's the only way.

"You're not real. You're just a delusion." Ash convinced himself as he read the newspaper calmly.

Delusion?

"You're a figment of my imagination. You're just a piece of my brain that hasn't accepted Linda's death."

Piece of you? No, Ash. I am you!

"I didn't cry today. I didn't break down and curl up like a dog today. Don't start." Ash remained amazingly calm and continued to read the comics in the newspaper.

It's not my intention to make you cry. It's my intention to have you die.

"Yeah? They why doncha? Huh?" Ash reasoned. "Why don't you come in here and fight me man to man?" Ash was getting his confidence back.

That's not in the rules.

There was a silence for a long time. Neither voice of Ash spoke. He began reading the comics again.

"Ha ha ha," Ash chuckled. "That Dilbert is one funny guy."

"Shop smart! Shop S-Mart!" Smiled a refreshed Ash. He was cool and clean. He sometimes had trouble concentrating but the voice didn't come as often. He worked well and decided that his doctor was right, and that he should pay that guy a little more money. He didn't have any more wisecracks, no more quick comebacks, but he was still a man. A man with a shattered soul, but a man none-the-less. "Hey boss, thanks for the time off, I'm a lot better now."

"You're welcome Ash, now keep working, I'm not paying you to chatter!" He worked long hours and slept the rest of the day. He thought the less time he had to himself, the less time he would have to hear the voice.

You're running out of time. If you don't do it soon it will be the end of everything.

"No! Don't buy a vowel you moron!" Ash yelled as his TV.

You must sacrifice yourself!

"Solve the puzzle!"

I am not a delusion. I am you!

It's *The Constitution State*! Come on!" Ash threw popcorn at his TV.

This is for your own good. As well as the world!

"Bankrupt! Haha!" Ash turned off his TV and walked to his bedroom. He turned on his light only to see a six foot shadow floated in mid air. Pure darkness.

"Holy Jesus!" He screamed as he jumped to the wall. "That ain't no delusion!"

Does this convince you?

The shadow hovered for a while, then it began to gain detail. It began to take form. It was an outline of a man, but it was still too dark to make out.

"You're no demon! You're. . . . You're. . . !" The shadow began to show himself. He began to take color.

"You're me!" It was Ash from his dreams, with a long trenchcoat and a cowboy hat. He squinted his eyes.

No shit.

"Why? Is this another trick?"

Quit asking questions and start taking action.

"Good plan." Ash stopped trembling and put together an idea. He ran to his bookcase near the wall. He started throwing out text's left and right.

What are you doing?

A pile of books Ash never read started to accumulate. Finally he pulled out what he was looking for: Necronmicon Ex Mortis.

NO! Don't! That's what causes this!

"After what happened back at the cabin I took a Latin class and I studied up. Just in case you assholes ever came back and I needed to use this damned book again."

You don't understand! I am you! You can't do this!

The phantom Ash stood pleading, but there was nothing he could do.

"Alright cowboy, you're going down!" Ash flipped open the Necronomicon. "This'll send your ass away for good!"

Listen to me!

"Teach you bastards to get into my head." He found the page he was looking for.

Ash! Stop!

"Conda vendo ipso facto aora. Ploa venden conden." He tried his best to pronounce the Latin words.

The cowboy Ash thought for a second, he needed to do something quick before he was banished to hell, courtesy of the Necronomicon. He reached into the inside pocket of his trenchcoat and pulled out a necklace. He held it up to show Ash who was busy with his nose deep in the Book of the Dead.

Ash!

The necklace was Linda's, it was a present from Ash. It was the only thing left of her. The light reflected through the circular jewel on the necklace and bounced into Ash's eyes. He looked up at his counterpart. He stopped reading and stared dumbfounded.

"What in the hell?" He shook off the image. "No, just another delusion, you're just trying to use this stuff to get into my head."

We told her that we'd always be together. Right before the evil came. Remember?

"Newsflash pal: You are the evil! And you're going down!" Ash looked back down into the book, but he was reluctant to keep reading. He looked up again.

Put down the book!

The cowboy held the necklace tighter and forced Ash to look at it. Ash started to tremble. He stopped and looked at the necklace.

"Who the hell are you?" Just then his bedroom window smashed into a thousand pieces. Ash looked over to see a flying demon. A winged deadite hovered in his window sill.

"We live again!" Screeched the demon. Ash stood in fear. He lost his rigid attitude over the past week, he wasn't prepared to square off with a demon.

"Shit!" The deadite came swooping in and slashed Ash across the face. Immediately a small scar appeared on the cheek of the cowboy. The creature roared and went for another shot. Ash quickly rolled away, looking for a weapon.

"A little help here iron arm!" Yelled the thick chinned hero.

I can't! Not in this form. . . I'll need to appear in the flesh to help you.

Ash ran out of his room as the demon kept jabbing at him.

"No escape!" It hooted.

Ash stumbled over the garbage on his floor and looked for a weapon.

What happened to the time when you had a gun in every room?

"I had to get rid of them all so you wouldn't make me kill myself!" Ash argued as he dodged another attack from the filthy creature. He twirled around his home looking for a way to kill this creature.

It charged at him and speared him to the floor. The demon was trying to bite off Ash's head but he fought it back.

Get up!

"First he wants to kill me, now he wants to save me. . . ." Ash got pissed and used his metal hand to knock the demon off of him. The creature held it's head in pain and Ash moved infront of his window. The deadite looked up at him as he held his bleeding temple in pain.

"I'll swallow your soul!"

"Come get some!" Ash taunted.

With that the menace charged him, flying through the air. Right before the thing was about to impact into him for a second time Ash grabbed it's head and kept it moving out the window. It smashed through the glass and flew out.

Ash looked down as the demon fell ten stories out of his apartment and landed on one of his neighbor's cars. It's guts flew all

over the street and the car's alarm blared in the night.

Very good. You're starting to get back your balls.

"I wouldn't have lost them if it weren't for you." He replied, cleaning the rubbish of his clothes. "So, who the hell are you?" He asked, listening to the clone.

I am you. You are me. We are one in the same.

Ash had no clue as to what was going on.

"Tell you what pal. . . . I'm understanding about two things right now, Jack and shit. . . and Jack left town."

Let me explain. Five years ago I did as you. I took the course in Latin, I got a hold of the Necronomicon and I tried to seal the portal between worlds for good. I messed up on the translations or something and I accidentally opened all the portals so the demons can come through. It was like ringing a dinner bell. They killed all the humans, possessed them as well. I survived with my knowledge of the way they hunted, the way they moved. They conquered the world and then they scorched the skies so the sun could not get through. So I roamed for five years destroying these bastards. Killing and eating animals to survive. Then I found the Necronomicon again. Those bastards stole it but I got it back. It was too late to send the demons away anyway. And if I could what exactly would I be saving? So I found a translation that could send me back in time for short periods and in certain forms. So I decided to take out this problem at the beginning. Killing the demons by killing myself. I tried to get you to kill me. . . to kill yourself. Before I. . . before you. . . before we would read the passage that destroyed the world.

"Why the hell didn't you come to me a week ago and tell me this? Why take the form of the voice? Why make me go insane?"

Listen, I am you. I know you. If a scrubby character looking like me came to your door talking about the Armageddon I doubt you'd listen. I'm sure you would've kicked my ass into the next millennium. This way I tried to get you to do the dirty work. I knew that with a little time I could make you go insane and make you commit suicide. "Why not just kill me yourself?"

As I said before I couldn't. I tried to kill you, err. . . kill me, kill us, but I couldn't. I can't appear in your world as more than an image, more than a voice. Well, for now anyway. I'm looking for incantation that can make me appear in the flesh.

"Then, did I already do the damage? I mean I just brought that bitch from hell back in this world. . . . Do we still have a chance?"

You didn't come close to finishing the passages, maybe you only summoned the one demon.

"Alright, so if I don't finish the passage: then more demons won't come. Then I'll never become you, and never go back in time to stop this." Ash reasoned.

But you have stopped it. It's over.

"Yeah, then why are you still alive?" There was a silence, both Ashes stood there staring at one another. Two men with the IQ of a junior high student were trying to figure out quantum physics and reason time. So they thought for a second, and realized that they just may have destroyed the world. . . again. They echoed the same word in unison.

Shit-"Shit"

They became frantic and paged through the book.

How far did you get in the translations?

"I don't know!" Ash flipped through the Necronomicon quickly.

Hurry! My time in this universe is fading!

"Come on." Ash was getting frustrated. He finally found the page again and reread it in his head.

I can't hold on, I'll come back soon!

"Damn, probably shouldn't have been shooting spitballs during Latin class." Ash sat on the floor and read the Necronomicon, looking for an answer. He may have just single handily ended the world. "I know I didn't finish the chant, but I may have read enough to do damage." Ash stopped reading the book and looked up at the ceiling. "To think, I lost my mind, thanks to myself." He thought about everything and wondered if he would have killed himself to save the world. "Now that I know I'm not insane, it's time to get my balls back and kick some ass."

A crash of thunder came down and it started to rain. Ash flipped through the Book of the Dead looking for the correct passage to send the evil away for good.

Doesn't look like any damage has happened to the world yet. Maybe nothing is going to happen. . . .

"You've been studying the Necronomicon for a while right? Did you find the right passage that sends the evil away?"

I never could figure it out. Because I've spent most of my time translating and trying to understand the passages that would send me back in time.

The phantom Ash was in his shadow form, he was trying to come into our world once again.

But I do remember looking over something in the book. It was a passage that was in two parts. One summoned the Evil to a place called "The Dead Zone". Once inside The Dead Zone another passage must be read. That one might send the evil to it's own dimension for good.

"Why bother? If we can send these guys into this "Dead Zone" then why go through all the trouble of sending them through dimension to dimension. We can't even understand this second passage!"

If I understand this stuff right, then the reader of the passage is sent to the Dead Zone as well. That is how the second passage is

read from the inside.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up now chief. I didn't sign on for any of this. . . . You're the one eager to get rid of these demons. Why don't you do it?"

Then suddenly there was a crash at the door. Ash bolted there to see a seven foot tall demon standing there with blood dripping from his mouth. It held a head between it's seven inched long fingers. The demon bowled it over to Ash.

"Mr. Copeland. . . the apartment 'Super'." Then Ash looked up, the demon's fingers were grotesquely long and covered in blood and mucus. They reached for Ash.

"I'll swallow your soul!" It crackled through it's razor-sharp fangs.

"Oh it's such a relief to hear *that* again!" Ash smirked as he dove to the ground looking for a weapon.

The demon rampaged through the apartment, tossing over chairs and tables. Ash crawled around the floor looking for a safe haven but most of all: a weapon.

"I guess I did read enough to do worldwide damage." Ash yelled over the screeching of the demon. "Just enough to have those bastards come through one at a time!"

Obviously.

Smirked his counterpart.

Ash finally found an old football trophy of his. He picked it up and held it out for protection. There was a metal figurine at the top holding up a football. Ash was using this as a spear of sorts.

Come on! A trophy? You can do better than that!

The demon moved awkwardly considering it's immense height. It swooped it's arms around, trying to get a piece of Ash. Ash was thrusting the trophy through the air, trying to keep the demon at bay.

"Hey! Why are you so calm? If I die here, then what happens to you?" Ash called over to his counterpart. The shadow Ash realized this and he decided it was time to help out. . . himself. He needed to manifest himself in a more physical form if he wanted to take place in the fight. He pulled out his own Necronomicon from his brown satchel and began to read a marked off passage.

Ash ran back in forth around the room, the large demon had trouble keeping up. Ash than used his tipped-over couch as a boost and ran by the bloody behemoth. He began to do some fancy footwork and moved back and forth, trying to confuse the dimwitted demon. He then quickly did a football spin and jabbed the end of the trophy into the demons large left eye.

The creature screamed and tried to hold in the green puss that flowed from his eye socket. Ash ran to his kitchen and grabbed his electronic cutting knife.

Conda damos equis vamos.

"Hurry up would ya? I could use some more man power in here!" With that the demon got up and screamed to the heavens. It's horse-like head was bleeding all different colors. Ash tried to fend himself off with his electric knife but it didn't reach. He couldn't get the knife to go more than three feet across the room.

"I'll need more slack." The creature pushed over everything trying to get to Ash. He made Ash's apartment even more unkempt than it ever was.

Doman anyas requiem.

He dove into his bottom cabinet and shifted around all his kitchen equipment. As the demon neared Ash whipped out an orange extension cord and plugged it into the wall. He attached the electric knife to it and was ready for battle.

He treated his small tool used for cutting carrots as if it was a sword.

"Come on Mr. Ed! I'll make glue outta ya!" Ash was buying time, waiting for his clone to come in and save him.

Ash thrusted his weapon and took off a finger from the behemoth. This just made the demon even more pissed than it was before. It thundered around as Ash was keeping his distance. The deadite pulled it's head back and sucked in mucus. Suddenly the demon spit a slimy spit-wad across the room and it hit the knife, short circuiting it.

"That's some strong spit!" Ash said, realizing his only weapon was just rendered useless.

The demon had this battle won, so it moved slowly towards it's prey. It held out its arms and opened it's mouth, starting to suck in air. Ash knew this was bad. The sucking became more powerful and objects in the room started to come flying into the suction. Ash found himself sliding across his floor.

"Now that's sucking power!" He remarked holding onto his stove to avoid the jaws of the demon. "Anytime now!" He screamed to his partner.

Shorta, Vorta, Conda

The demon sucked in all sorts of objects and Ash was getting pulled further to his lips. The creature screamed in anticipation and started sucking harder. Ash was holding onto the refrigerator door as it swung open.

"For god's sake! How do you stop this sucker?" The pressure was too much and Ash let go. His body went flying into the arms of the deadite.

The demon held Ash's body like a stuft animal. He maneuvered his head into the grasp of it's jaws. Ash was beginning to learn how the sucking of one's soul was accomplished.

He tried to fight but the creature's breath alone left him immobilized.

"Want a breath mint you stank son of a bitch?" Ash was an inch away from it's tooth. . . he was moved in slowly.

Hows about a metal plated tic tac?

The demon's head exploded into a thousand pieces of meat and bone. The suction ended and Ash fell to the floor on top of the headless behemoth. He looked up to see his friend standing there with a smoking Winchester.

Damn, his head was soft.

"I could've used you before he started breathing on me but I guess better late than never." Ash pushed the limp body off himself. "Tell you what, these bastards keep getting tougher. We better do something. Fast."

"So, why the hell is your voice still coming in from another dimension?"

I am in physical form both here and in my dimension at the same time. The Necronomicon is not an exact science. My voice is coming at you in pieces and there's no way to adjust it as in a stereo.

They both prepared their weapons. Ash from the future has his trusty Winchester by his side as the Ash from the present reacquired his double barreled Remington. They both had their Necronomicons handy.

Alright, we're going to have to both read this in sync so we can both make it to the Dead Zone.

"I'll try to keep up."

Oh, and Ash, this may be the last time we get to talk one on one. So let me say this: Sorry about dicking around with you, ya know, about trying to get you to kill yourself. Now that you've got your guts back it's time to set these sons of bitches straight once and for all. Let's go.

For a half hour straight both Ashes kept in key. They chanted together and worked with one another to bring about the end of the evil. They both read from their respective books and even when Ash from the future fazed out of his physical form they both continued the cantation to summon the evil to the Dead Zone.

"Alright, that oughta do it."

Let's hope so.

"So, uh, when will, umm, with the whole portal and thing, a. . . ."

Not sure. I suppose there will be a giant sucking portal that will look very impressive and destroy most of your apartment until you and I are both sucked in.

They both stood there and waited. They looked around and anticipated the Dead Zone's arrival.

"Well, I don't think that--" Before he could finish his sentence both Ashes fell unconscious and dropped to the ground of their respective universes.

As they awoke they found themselves together in the same universe for the first time. Except it was neither of their own dimensions. They were in the Dead Zone. . . .

"Hey, did it work?"

"I guess so. Hey! My voice!"

"Yeah, no more annoying echo from a parallel universe." Ash checked to make sure his Remington was still there. "So, uhh, shouldn't you be fading from existence?"

"Huh?"

"Well if you think about it, now that the evil is here with us in this Dead Zone, I'd never go on to become you, and you would never be you. And you would no longer exist. So you'd no longer be here." Ash's head was beginning to strain.

"Ash, I doubt the rules of the regular universe apply in the Dead Zone."

"Right." Ash thought for a second then just decided to go with the flow.

"Let's go." Said the cowboy as he took out his Necronomicon and began reading of the second passage. Ash from the present stood looking at the darkness. That's all the Dead Zone was: complete darkness. His ear recoiled as he heard a growl from the distance.

"We've got company." Ash unsheathed his weapon and tried to aim it in the darkness. "Keep reading, I'll fend them off."

"Try not to miss and hit the walls of the Dead Zone, you could possibly send bullets to all different times and places in the space-time continuum." His future fellow warned and then continued reading.

A scrawny deadite who looked as if he missed one too many meals started to limp out of the darkness.

"Buckle up bony, cause you're going for a ride!" Ash let loose a blast that sent the creature exploding across the blackness in the distance. As the dust from it's bones were still lingering in the air a winged deadite grabbed Ash from behind and started biting on his hair. "Oh, oh, you miserable bastard. I'll crush ya! I'll mash you to tiny little pieces!" He fought with the creature locked on his head. "Get offa me you lousy son of a bitch!" Ash used all his energy and tossed the deadite to the ground. As it raised it's head it came nose to nose with a double barreled Remington. Ash blew it's skull into a thousand red pieces of meat. "Hurry up with that spell, these bastards keep getting bigger and quicker!" Ash looked out into the distance and saw three deadites coming his way. With a couple shots off he quickly took them down.

A fat-assed slimy creature crawled to the toes of the cowboy. Since he was nose deep in reciting the passage he didn't even notice the deadite nearing to his leg.

"You got one on ya!" Ash took aim and pulled the trigger. As he let the bullet fly a deadite from behind tripped him over. Ash was face down into the dirt and he watched his bullet fly down into the ground and ricochet into the eyes of the monster who was attacking the cowboy. It's head exploded all over the cowboy's boots and into Ash's eyes. He quickly turned about and unloaded a shot into the deadite that tripped him. "They're coming from all angles! Keep reading! Send these bastards away for good!"

Just then, from the darkness, came a creature to which neither Ashes had ever seen. It was a dragon, and deadite dragon. It had to be forty feet tall and it's tall alone curled to about fifteen feet in length. It's skin was brown as dirt. A lot of it was missing, which exposed the demon's bones. It had two thick legs, with feet like an owls, perfect for swooping and killing. With short, stubby arms, like a T-Rex, it held blood in its hands. Spikes pierced out of it's spine and horns from it's head. It's tongue rolled and it's eyes looked down. This dragon was hungry for soul.

"Shit!" Ash stuttered as he checked to see if the passage was still being read. "Keep reading! Don't look at it!" But the cowboy felt compelled to look at the dragon. He saw the massive creature fly forward at him, getting closer and closer. A streak of white emerged in the hair under his hat. He was too scared to keep reading. "Dammit!" Ash whipped out his own Necronomicon and continued reading where his partner left off. He knew the cowboy was scared out of his wits.

He shook it off and dropped his book. It was time to do some damage. The cowboy took out his Winchester and aimed it up at the dragon.

"Finish the passage. I'll take care of this." The dragon screamed to the heavens. The massive creature started to fly even quicker, in a diving like state. It was coming down for the ones who would destroy him.

As the creature neared the cowboy started unloading shots with the Winchester. The kickback shook him a little but he regained his balance. He unloaded a couple more and pierced the skin of the oncoming evil. Flesh pealed off of it as it flew down like a meteor. Right before the moment of impact it pulled up and flew upwards into the sky. As it fled momentarily the cowboy got a piece of his ass with his gun.

It started to come down for a second attack.

"He's strafing us!" The cowboy remarked as he took aim. "Let's go Puff!" The dragon was too smart to come nose-down on the gun, it moved right before Ash took off a shot and it came around from

behind. The cowboy turned to see the demon charging at him head on trying to get in a sneak attack. "This is for five years of hell on earth!" Ash spun and quickly unloaded the rest of his ammo into the demon. With blood coming from it's head, it still advanced towards Ash. It opened it's jaws and went down, trying to scoop him off of the earth. The dragon smacked his head into the ground as Ash dodged the attack. The creature lay immobilized, a perfect time to attack. Ash sighted his weapon right between the dragon's eyes. "Bye, bye, birdie!" 'Click' the sound went off. He pulled the trigger again. 'Click'. "No!" 'Click'. He was out of ammo.

"Let me try mine." The cowboy turned around to see a double barreled Remington aimed at the slick forehead of the demon. Ash pulled the trigger and unloaded both barrels into the deadite's head. "They're only going to be more of these. I'm almost done the chant."

"Then let's do it."

"Conda amos ventran wil can smit." Ash closed the book. "That oughta do it." Even before he could finish his last words he blacked out.

He awoke to find himself back in his apartment. It was still trashed from the fights but the deadites were gone.

"Groovy."

Ash didn't know if the cowboy was still alive, he didn't know if he was still out there, he didn't know exactly what the hell had happened over the last week. But he did know one thing: he won.